

Charles Phillips

ORATION

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD,

E 475
55
S686
Copy 1

AND SPEECH OF

HIS EXCELLENCY A. G. CURTIN,

GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA,

AT THE LAYING OF THE

CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT IN THE

SOLDIERS' NATIONAL CEMETERY,

AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1865.

WITH THE OTHER EXERCISES OF THE OCCASION.

Published by the Cemetery Association.

GETTYSBURG :

AUGHINBAUGH & WIBLE, BOOK & JOB PRINTERS,
CHAMBERSBURG STREET, SECOND SQUARE.
1865.





Sandels & Meyer, 111 Harrison

NATIONAL MONUMENT,
TO BE ERECTED AT
GETTYSBURG, PA.

ORATION
OF
MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD,
AND SPEECH OF
HIS EXCELLENCY A. G. CURTIN,
GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA,
AT THE LAYING OF THE
CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT IN THE
SOLDIER'S NATIONAL CEMETERY,
AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1865.
WITH THE OTHER EXERCISES OF THE OCCASION.

Published by the Cemetery Association.

GETTYSBURG :
AUGUSTINBAUGH & WIBLE, BOOK & JOB PRINTERS,
CHAMBERSBURG STREET, SECOND SQUARE,
1865.



DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

THE following artistic description of the design of the Monument adopted by the Board of Managers of the Soldiers' National Cemetery, and to be erected therein to the memory of the brave soldiers who sacrificed their lives for their country on the memorable battle-field of Gettysburg, has been furnished by the designer:

The design of the Gettysburg Monument is adapted for execution, either in marble, or in granite and bronze, as may be deemed expedient, the material being of course controlled entirely by the amount appropriated. The whole rendering of the design is intended to be purely historical, telling its own story with such simplicity, that any discerning mind will readily comprehend its meaning and purpose.

The super-structure is sixty feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal twenty-five feet square at the base, and is crowned with a colossal statue representing the GENIUS OF LIBERTY. Standing upon a three-quarter globe, she raises with her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with her left she gathers up the folds of our national flag, under which the victory has been won.

Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses, supporting an equal number of allegorical statues representing, respectively, WAR, HISTORY, PEACE and PLENTY.

WAR is personified by a statue of the American Soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle which this monument is intended to commemorate.

HISTORY, in listening attitude, records with stylus and tablet, the achievements of the field, and the names of the honored dead.

PEACE is symbolized by a statue of the American Mechanic, characterized by appropriate accessories.

PLENTY is represented by a female figure, with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the soldier's crowning triumph.

The panels of the main die between the statues are to have inscribed upon them such inscriptions as may hereafter be determined.

The main die of the pedestal is octagonal in form, paneled upon each face. The cornice and plinth above are also octagonal, and are heavily moulded. Upon this plinth rests an octagonal moulded base bearing upon its face, in high relief, the national arms.

The upper die and cap are circular in form, the die being encircled by stars equal in number with the States whose sons contributed their lives as the price of the victory won at Gettysburg.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION

AT THE

CEREMONIES OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE
MONUMENT IN THE SOLDIERS' NATIONAL CEMETERY.

JULY 4TH, 1865.

Aids.

CHIEF MARSHAL,

Aids.

Major-General JOHN W. GEARY.

Cavalry.

Artillery.

Infantry.

Major-General MEADE and Staff,

escorted by First City Troop of Philadelphia.

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.

Ex-Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.

Officers and Soldiers of the other Armies of the United States.

Ex-Officers and Soldiers of the other Armies of the United States.

Officers and Ex-Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps of the United States.

Marines.

Soldiers of the War of 1812.

THE PRESIDENT.

Lieutenant-General GRANT and Staff.

Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT and Staff.

The Cabinet Ministers.

The Diplomatic Corps.

Ex-Presidents.

Lieutenant-General SCOTT and Rear-Admiral STEWART.

The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE ORATOR, CHAPLAINS AND POET.

The Committee of Arrangements.

The Governors of the Several States and Territories and their Staffs.

The Senate of the United States preceded by its Officers.

The House of Representatives of the United States preceded by its Officers.

The Heads of the Departments of the several States and Territories.

The Legislatures of the several States and Territories.

The Board of Managers of the Soldiers' National Cemetery.

The Board of Managers of the Antietam Cemetery.

The Federal Judiciary and the Judiciary of the several States and Territories.

The Assistant Secretaries of the Departments of the National Government.

Officers of the Smithsonian Institution.

Committee of Arrangements of the Borough of Gettysburg.
The Press.

Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

Masonic Fraternity.

Knights Templar.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Other Benevolent Associations.

Corporate Authorities of Cities.

Society of the Cincinnati.

The National Union Musical Association of Baltimore.
The Clergy.

Religious, Literary, Scientific and Industrial Associations
Loyal Leagues.
Fire Companies
Citizens.

PROGRAMME OF ARRANGEMENT.

AND

ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR THE

CEREMONIES OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE
MONUMENT IN THE SOLDIERS' NATIONAL CEMETERY,

JULY 4TH, 1865.

THE Marshals and Chief Marshal's Aids, will assemble at the Court House, at half-past eight o'clock, A. M.

The military will form in Gettysburg at nine o'clock, A. M., on Carlisle street, its right resting on the railroad.

All civic bodies, except citizens, will assemble according to the foregoing printed programme, on York street, at the same hour. All citizens will form on Chambersburg street, with the right resting on the square, at the same time.

The head of the column will move at precisely ten o'clock, A. M., up Baltimore street to the Cemetery Grounds.

The military will form in line as may be directed, and present arms, when the President of the United States and all who are to occupy the stand will pass to the same.

Ladies will occupy the left of the stand, and it is desirable that they be upon the ground as early as ten o'clock, A. M.

The exercises will take place as soon as the entire procession is in position on the ground, as follows:

MUSIC—Band.

PRAYER BY THE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

MUSIC—"French's Hymn"—Union Musical Association.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MUSIC—"Hayward's Ode"—Union Musical Association.
LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE BY THE GRAND MASTER OF
THE GRAND LODGE OF MASON'S OF PENNSYLVANIA.

ADDRESS BY THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

MUSIC—Band.

ORATION BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

MUSIC—Band.

POEM BY COL. C. G. HALPINE.

MUSIC—Union Musical Association.

BENEDICTION—BY REV. D. T. CARNAHAN.

MUSIC—Band.

After the benediction, the procession will be dismissed and the Marshals and Chief Marshal's Aids will form and return to the Court House.

Salutes will be fired at sunrise, during the movement of the procession, at the close of the exercises, and at sunset.

JOHN W. GEARY,

Marshal-in-Chief, and Brevet Major General Commanding.

MILITARY PARTICIPATING IN THE CEREMONIES.

CAVALRY.

ONE Battalion of the 1st Connecticut Cavalry under Command of Col. B. Ives, and composed of the following companies :

- Company A, commanded by Lieut. Ford.
- Company C, commanded by Capt. Neville.
- Company D, commanded by Capt. Tuttle.
- Company E, commanded by Capt. Spellman.
- Company F, commanded by Capt. Phillips.
- Company M, commanded by Capt. Thompson.

INFANTRY.

The 50th Regiment of Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, under the following officers :

- Colonel—William H. Telford,
 - Lieutenant-Colonel—Samuel K. Schwenk.
 - Major—George W. Brumm.
 - Adjutant—Lewis Crater.
 - Quartermaster—John S. Eckel.
 - Assistant Surgeon—Frank P. Wilson.
 - Chaplain—Halleck Armstrong.
- Company A—1st Lieutenant, John A. Herring.
2d “ William Blanchford.
- Company B—Captain, Frank H. Barnhart.
1st Lieutenant, Alfred J. Stephens.
2d “ Lucien Plucker.
- Company C—Captain Charles E. Brown.
2d Lieutenant Augustus Mellon.

10 MILITARY PARTICIPATING IN THE CEREMONIES

Company D—1st Lieutenant William H. Wilcox.

2d " Hugh Mitchell.

Company E—1st Lieutenant Samuel A. Losch.

2d " Frank H. Forbes.

Company F—Captain Jacob Paulus.

1st Lieutenant Samuel Hess.

2d " Thomas P. Davis.

Company G—Captain Charles Forbes.

1st Lieutenant Henry J. Christ.

2d Lieutenant A. P. Kinney.

Company H—Captain John A. Snyder.

1st Lieutenant Joseph V. Kendall.

2d " Henry S. Francis.

Company I—Captain James H. Levan.

Company K—Captain George V. Myers.

2d Lieutenant George N. Merithew.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major—Alexander P. Garret.

Quartermaster Sergeant— — Clauser.

Commissary Sergeant—Alfred W. Gift.

Hospital Stewart—Alexander Schaeffer.

The following officers accompanied the Regiment as addition staff:

Captain Thomas F. Foster, of Co. D. 50th Regt. Pa. Vet. Vol., Assistant Adjutant General, 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Army Corps.

1st Lieutenant John C. Chance, Quartermaster 9th Regt. Veteran Reserve Corps.

The Regiment was accompanied by the Band of the 9th Regt. Veteran Reserve Corps, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Winters; and the Band of the 56th Mass. Vols. under the leadership of Mr. Markland.

Col. W. H. Telford commands the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Army Corps.

Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel K. Schwenk, commanded the Regiment.

Colonel Telford was appointed Chief of Staff to Maj. Gen. Geary, during the ceremonies of July 4th, 1865.

Regiment organized at Harrisburg, September 30th, 1861, under B. C. Christ.

Colonel Telford, Lieutenant-Colonel Schwenk and Major Brumm, are the only original officers left with the Regiment. Regiment numbered 700 men.

This Regiment was in 32 Battles, and 16 different States.

ARTILLERY.

The Artillery which participated in the ceremonies was detachments of one gun from each battery of the Horse Artillery Brigade of the Army of the Potomac and a Section of Battery A of the 4th U. S. Artillery, which formerly belonged to the Brigade.

The Brigade which these guns represents, has served with the Cavalry Corps throughout the entire war, and has been with it in all its battles and raids. All the guns but one were at the battle of Gettysburg.

The order of march was as follows:

1. Brevet Brig.-Gen. J. M. Robertson, Captain 2d U. S. Artillery, Commanding Brigade.
Brevet Captain J. G. Tumbull, 3rd Artillery, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.
Assistant Surgeon Scheets.
2. Colors and Color Guard.
3. Buglers.
4. Captain M. P. Miller, Battery C. and E., 4th U. S. Artillery Commanding Guns.
5. Battery C. and E., 4th U. S. Artillery.
6. Battery C, 3rd U. S. Artillery, Lieut. J. R. Kelley.
7. Battery I, 1st U. S. Artillery, Lieut. E. L. Garvin.
8. Battery L, 5th U. S. Artillery, Lieut. Samuel Peoples.
9. Battery M, 2nd U. S. Artillery, Lieut. William Egan.
10. Battery D, 2nd U. S. Artillery, Lieut. W. T. Vose.

12 MILITARY PARTICIPATING IN THE CEREMONIES.

11. Battery B and L, 2nd U. S. Artillery, Lieut M. R. Loucks.
12. Battery A, 2nd U. S. Artillery, Lieut —— Kinney.
13. Battery A, 4th U. S. Artillery, } Lieut. Rufus King.
14. Battery A, 4th U. S. Artillery, }

After the procession reached the stand in the Cemetery, and order had been restored, the Band played a piece of music which was followed by devotional exercises by the Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D., as follows:

REMARKS AND PRAYER

BY

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN :

We are assembled on an occasion of great solemnity. We invoke the presence and the blessing of the all-seeing God. We acknowledge Him, as the God of our fathers, and of their children—we confess Him as the God of our nation and of its posterity—we acknowledge His power and His wisdom—His mercy and His providence—as displayed in the whole government of our land. He has defended us in danger. He has been our shield in the day of battle. He has given us the victory. He is our strength. He has become our salvation.

We meet this day under His protection, and with His guidance, to erect a monument of our gratitude for His goodness; and to the honor of the faithful men whom He has been pleased to make the glorious agents of our security and success. By their fidelity unto death, He has restored peace to our nation, given stability to our government, established union among our people, and renewed the prosperity and the happiness of our homes and our households. To God we owe the gift of such noble children of our common country. To them we owe the tribute, under Him, of the highest earthly honor, and the most abiding and reverend recognition.

We are gathered here this day to proclaim, with humble, but glad hearts, our common obligations, to Him whose inspiration gave them fidelity, and to them, whose deeds and sacrifices, we would hold in everlasting remembrance.

We confess Him this day as the Gracious Giver of a divine revelation to us, in those Holy Scriptures, which we acknowledge to have been given by inspiration of God. That sacred book we receive, as the foundation and rule of all religious truth. The glorious redemption which it proclaims—the gracious promises which it contains—the immortal hopes which it imparts—the holy rules which it impresses—the sanctifying power and guidance which it exercises, as the infallible word of the living God, we humbly, gratefully confess—we honor the mighty Saviour whom it announces—we ask the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit whom it has promised.

Under this guidance we assemble, with solemn prayer and harmony, to vindicate the memory, and to declare the honor of our exalted dead—to testify our unchanging loyalty and love, to the country for which they died—to erect a monument which shall stand a perpetual witness of their glorious achievements, and of our fellowship with them, in the great principles of Union, Loyalty and Liberty, for which their costly sacrifice was so willingly and so nobly made.

Let me call you first to a few appropriate utterances from this Holy word of God: “Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy Father and he will shew thee; thy elders and they will tell thee. When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people, according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord’s portion is his people, Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.” Deut. 32: 7—9.

“We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out: For they got not the land in possession, by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.” Ps. 41: 1—3.

"Happy art thou O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thine excellency! And thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places." Deut. 33 : 29.

"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee, and shall say, Destroy them." Deut. 33 : 27.

"All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the Governor among the nations. A seed shall serve him; it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation. They shall come, and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done this." Psa. 22 : 27—31.

"Instead of thy fathers, shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands. I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations; therefore shall the people praise thee forever and ever. Psa. 45 : 16, 17.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Psa. 137 : 5, 6.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. Surely he shall not be moved forever; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Psa. 112 : 4, 6.

"Also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants; Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer. Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls, a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters; I will give them an everlasting name that shall not be cut off." Isaiah 56 : 5—7.

"And many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake. And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the

firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever." Dan. 12 : 2, 3.

"Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." St. John 11 : 25, 26.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, the time is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." St. John 5 : 25.

"For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him." 1 Thess. 4 : 14.

"To him that overcometh, will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Rev. 3 : 21.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 7 : 14—17.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14 : 13.

Under the guidance of these words of God let us unite in

P R A Y E R.

O God, whose days are without end, who art from everlasting and inhabitest eternity, we bow in homage before Thy throne.

To Thee belong the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. In thine hand our breath is, and thine are all our ways.

We behold Thee in the glories of thy creation, and adore the wisdom with which thou hast made them all. The hea-

vens declare thy glory. The earth is filled with thy goodness. All creatures wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season.

We acknowledge Thy love in the redemption which Thou hast revealed to sinful men in Thy Word; removing their condemnation by a divine sacrifice and ransom; unfolding to their acceptance glorious and sustaining hopes of eternal life; displaying the victory of pardoning grace over human sin, and of everlasting life over mortal death in the triumphant resurrection of Thy dear Son; presenting an assurance of glory to all who believe in Him, though they die, in His ascension to the throne and kingdom, and through His all-sufficient merit, and His unceasing intercession.

We praise Thee for that Holy Spirit whom Thou hast sent in His name, and for His sake, to be the Comforter of Thy people, and to lead them there, whither our Saviour Christ has gone before. We bless Thee for this new and living way of access for sinners to Thy throne of grace.

Cheered by this hope which Thy glorious gospel gives, and adoring the grace which has bestowed it upon us, we are gathered here this day to offer our united praise to Thee for Thy gracious providence and government over our nation; and to commemorate before Thee the glorious and inspiring record of the noble dead, by whose energy and faithfulness the security of our country has been maintained, its peace restored, and its cherished Union and integrity preserved.

The memories of this day lead us, O God, in every year to Thee. Wanderers ready to perish, were our fathers, when Thou didst protect them, in the origin of their history here. Contending for liberty and life, for themselves and their children, against oppression and superior power, were they, in the early struggles of our nation's childhood, where Thou didst maintain their right, and gave them the victory.

Thy grace adorned them with the virtues, in the record of which we rejoice. Thy watchful care and guidance carried them through a warfare, displaying a patriotism, an earnestness of sincerity, a devotion to their country's welfare, and

a love for the rights and liberty of man, which have been the highest honor to our nation.

It was Thou, O God, who didst give them wisdom in counsel, courage in war, endurance in depression and distress, patience amidst protracted disaster, and final victory over the hosts of their opposers. It was Thou who didst teach them to establish a nation in peace, and a government in wise, righteous and equitable operation, over the people whom Thy Providence collected beneath it.

In all the past years of this favored nation, Thou hast been our fathers' God and our God. Thou hast guarded us in foreign wars, defended us by land and by sea, multiplied upon us the blessings of civilization and advancement, of religious freedom and truth. Thou hast given to every class of our people their due measure of prosperity; and hast secured for them, under wise and equal laws, the hopes and rights of all. Thou hast made a little one to become a strong nation, and hast here poured out the treasures of Thy mercy, in every varied shape of blessing, upon the millions who have here fed upon Thy goodness, and acknowledge Thee as the God of our salvation.

To Thee, O God, we owe these long succeeding years of peace, prosperity, and social exaltation. To Thee we owe that long succession of wise and honored men, whom thou hast raised up to be the rulers of this people. To Thee we owe that ruling in justice, and in the fear of the Lord, which has so honorably, and habitually distinguished our national history.

The distinction and exaltation which our fathers have attained for us, among the nations of the earth, by the success of their administration, and the fidelity of their personal government, we acknowledge still to be wholly Thy gift, who rulest as the Governor over all the earth, and putttest down one and settest up another.

As we survey the whole history of our nation, in peace and war; in its government and its people; in its intellectual advancement and social exaltation; in its religious privileges

and material gains ; in the great principles which it has established ; and in the example of power acting in justice and forbearance, which it has displayed in all relations, and toward all people ; we confess, O God, that all which we have enjoyed and possessed has been Thy gift ; and not unto us, but unto Thy name, O Lord, our God, be all the praise.

Each year, O Lord, has justly brought us, on this day, to offer unto Thee the tribute of our thanksgiving and the homage of our praise. Generation after generation have thus adored Thee, as the God who alone has brought salvation unto them.

But we are gathered on a day which calls for very peculiar acknowledgments of our gratitude to Thee ; and in a place, and for an especial occasion, which present new and impressivo demands for our humble thanksgiving, our submissive penitence, our chastened but rejoicing memory, our sympathizing and benevolent tenderness, our renewed fidelity to our country's welfare, and our fixed and indomitable purpose to maintain the authority which Thou hast established for us, and the liberty and order which thou hast arranged and appointed.

We are this day, a nation, free, united, independent and at peace—because Thou, O our gracious God, hast defended us from a violent and ungodly conspiracy—hast preserved us through a terrific warfare—hast given us unlimited victory, and hast set up Thy dominion over us, in overturning the wickedness of man's rebellion, and taking the violent in their own craftiness ; in breaking the oppressor's yoke, in giving liberty to the prisoner, and freedom to the bruised and suffering slave ; in opening to all the children of sorrow a door of hope in the midst of trial, and a day of promise and glory after a long night of weeping and despair.

O let this day bring this rejoicing nation to the footstool of Thy throne. Wide as the triumphs of the assembling people may spread, may the higher triumphs of Thy grace and mercy be still more gracefully acknowledged, and thankfully enumerated and called to mind.

O God, it is Thy patience and bounty which have placed

us this day where we are, and made us what we are. Suffer us not to say that our wisdom, or the mightiness of our hand, have gained this triumph; or that anything in us has deserved its bestowal. In the very degree in which Thou hast exalted us, enable us to humble ourselves before Thee; and while Thou art speaking unto us, in language of amazing encouragement, may we sincerely speak to Thee, in the language of self-renouncing penitence, and deeper earnestness of desires and purpose, in everything to do Thy will.

As we look back this day, over all this conflict ended—this journey through deep waters completed—we bless Thee anew, O God, for the great and faithful men whom Thou hast raised up among us, in civil, military and naval life, mighty in counsel, triumphant in battle, and glorious in contests on the deep. But above all, we praise Thee, for that beloved and exalted ruler, whom Thou didst set over us, under whose shadow we rejoiced, whose example in life was our faithful guide; whose gentle and forbearing administration was an honor to humanity, and in whose death, though it leaves him enshrined in our hearts, in the grateful affection of millions of his fellow-citizens, we have felt bereaved beyond the common example of mankind.

With our thanksgivings for all the past, we offer this day, O God, our earnest prayers for the abiding welfare, prosperity and peace of our beloved country. We pray Thee to maintain the government which Thou has given us, against all assaults, and to multiply upon every generation of our people, the social and personal blessings which it is adapted to bestow and secure. May it ever be administered in righteousness, and wise and upright rulers be given to this people. Defend the nation from the violence of rebellion, and rescue them from the mutual recriminations of party spirit. Guard and direct the President of the United States in the faithful discharge of his responsible duties; and pour Thy gracious blessings, both spiritual and temporal, for time and for eternity, upon him and his household. Give to all who are in office under him, the spirit of wisdom and fidelity, in the ex-

ecution of their various trusts. And ever raise up men fearing God and working righteousness, to administer the government over Thy people, in all the branches and relations of its responsibility. Thus, under the shadow of Thy wing, may our land abide and our people dwell, seeking the good of this nation, and speaking peace to all the inhabitants thereof.

And now, O Lord, who art especially the God of the suffering, of the widow and the fatherless, we unite to pray for all whom this bitter warfare hath bereaved, or reduced to conditions of want or suffering. We are assembled to lay the corner-stone of a monument to soldiers who freely poured forth their blood upon this spot, in their country's defence. The bodies of many who were dear and cherished in the households of our nation, lie buried around us here. While we honor their memory, and would perpetuate the record of their renown, their widows and their orphans we commend to Thee. Their many wounded companions, the charge upon their country's gratitude and kindness, we present, also, before Thee. Awaken a spirit of liberal kindness and just remuneration toward them all, among this whole people; and bless, prosper, and reward every effort which may be made for their comfort and relief. Spread the influence and power of that gospel which teaches love to God and love to man, as the duty and privilege of all who hear it, in every portion of our land, and make this nation an example and an agent of its influence in blessing throughout all the earth.

May all the exercises of this day be made to awaken a spirit of union, loyalty and love, among those who are here assembled, and all the inhabitants of this land. And may this monument, and this ground, consecrated by the honored dead, be, in years to come, a token and a witness to all who shall ever visit this place, of Thy blessing upon this people, and of all the interests which Thou hast preserved for them, and an admonition to every coming generation, that Thy favor is life, and Thy loving kindness is better than life.

Thus, O God, do we look up unto Thee in praise and prayer, and ask Thine acceptance and favor in the name of our glorious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

The National Union Musical Association of Baltimore, then sung "FRENCH'S HYMN," the words of which are as follows :

'T is holy ground,—
This spot, where, in their graves,
We place our country's braves,
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause,
Fighting for liberties and laws;
Let tears abound.

Here let them rest ;
And summer's heat and winter's cold
Shall glow and freeze above this mould,—
A thousand years shall pass away,—
A nation still shall mourn this clay,
Which now is blest.

Here, where they fell,
Oft shall the widow's tear be shed
Oft shall fond parents mourn their dead ;
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,
And maidens, where their lovers sleep,
Their woes shall tell.

Great God in heaven !
Shall all this sacred blood be shed ?
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead ?
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,
The knell of Freedom's overthrow,
A country riven ?

It will not be !
We trust, O God ! thy gracious power
To aid us in our darkest hour.
This be our prayer, — "O Father ! save
A people's freedom from its grave.
All praise to Thee!"

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, having been prevented from being present, by reason of severe illness, sent the Marshal of the District of Columbia, Judge Gooding, as his special messenger, who, presented the following communication from His Excellency:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 3, 1865. }

Mr. David Wills, Chairman, &c., Gettysburg, Pa.

DEAR SIR: I had promised myself the pleasure of participating in person in the proceedings at Gettysburg to-morrow. That pleasure, owing to my indisposition, I am reluctantly compelled to forego. I should have been pleased, standing on that twice consecrated spot, to share with you your joy at the return of peace, to greet with you the surviving heroes of the war who come back with light hearts, though heavy laden with honors, and with you to drop grateful tears to the memory of those that will never return.

Unable to do so in person, I can only send you my greetings, and assure you of my full sympathy with the purpose and spirit of your exercises to-morrow. Of all the anniversaries of the Declaration of Independence, none has been more important and significant than that upon which you assemble.

Four years of struggle for our nation's life have been crowned with success; armed treason is swept from the land; our ports are re-opened; our relations with other nations are of the most satisfactory character; our internal commerce is free; our soldiers and sailors resume the peaceful pursuits of civil life; our flag floats in every breeze; and the only barrier to our national progress — human slavery — is forever at an end. Let us trust that each recurring Fourth of July shall

find our nation stronger in numbers — stronger in wealth — stronger in the harmony of its citizens — stronger in its devotion to nationality and freedom.

As I have often said, I believe that God sent this people on a mission among the nations of the earth, and that when He founded our nation He founded it in perpetuity. That faith sustained me through the struggle that is past. It sustains me now, that new duties are devolved upon me and new dangers threaten us. I feel that whatever the means He uses the Almighty is determined to preserve us as a people.

And since I know the love our fellow-citizens bear their country, and the sacrifices they have made for it, my abiding faith has become stronger than ever that a "government of the people" is the strongest as well as the best of governments.

In your joy to-morrow, I trust you will not forget the thousands of whites, as well as blacks, whom the war has emancipated, who will hail this Fourth of July with a delight which no previous Declaration of Independence ever gave them. Controlled so long by ambitious, selfish leaders, who used them for their own unworthy ends, they are now free to serve and cherish the government against whose life they, in their blindness, struck. I am greatly mistaken if in the States lately in rebellion we do not henceforward have an exhibition of such loyalty and patriotism as were never seen nor felt there before.

When you have consecrated a National Cemetery, you are to lay the corner-stone of a national monument, which, in all human probability, will rise to the full height and proportion you design. Noble as this monument of stone may be, it will be but a faint symbol of the grand monument which, if we do our duty, we shall raise among the nations of the earth upon the foundation laid nine and eighty years ago in Philadelphia. Time shall wear away and crumble this monument, but that, based as it is, upon the consent, virtue, patriotism and intelligence of the people, each year shall make firmer and more imposing.

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENTAL ODE was then sung by the National Union Musical Association, in the following words :

This battle-field — our nation's glory,—
Where sweetly sleep our fallen braves,
Proclaims aloud the tragic story —
The story of their hallow'd graves!

Yes! here on Gettysburg's sad plain,
This monument the tale will tell,
That thousands for their flag was slain —
Whilst fighting for the Union — fell!

Here red artillery's deadly fire
Mow'd squadrons down in dread array ;
Here MEADE compelled LEE to retire,
And HOWARD held his ground that day.

Then let those tatter'd banners wave —
Forever saered be this ground!
Sing paeans to those warriors brave,
And be their deeds with glory crown'd!

Wives, mothers, sisters, orphans dear,
Shall gather round each clay-cold bed,
And mourn their lov'd ones buried here —
Their husbands, fathers, brothers dead.

Now on this consecrated ground,
Baptiz'd with patriots' sacred blood,
We dedicate each glorious mound
To the *Union Battle-Flag and God!*

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.

The foundation stone of the Monument was then laid with appropriate ceremonies, by the Society of Free Masons, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

The following is a list of the articles deposited in the Corner-Stone.

UNITED STATES.

Declaration of Independence.

Articles of Confederation.

Constitution of the United States.

Washington's Farewell Address.

Names of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States.

Names of the Members and Officers of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

Names of the Members of the Cabinet.

Names of the Ministers of the United States at Foreign Courts.

Messages of President Lincoln.

Reports of the Secretary of War and Lieutenant-General Grant.

Major-General George G. Meade's Report of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Copies of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamations and last Inaugural Address.

Coins of the United States.

MAINE.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Maine.

Messages of the Governors of Maine, from 1861 to 1864.

Adjutant-General's Reports, 1861 to 1864.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of New Hampshire.
Adjutant-General's Report.

VERMONT.

Messages of the Governors of Vermont, from 1861 to 1864.
Adjutant-General's Reports, 1861 to 1864.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Massachusetts,
Messages of Governors of Massachusetts, 1861 to 1864.
Adjutant-General's Report, 1861 to 1864.

RHODE ISLAND.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Rhode Island.
Proclamation of His Excellency James Y. Smith, on the
death of President Lincoln.
Resolutions of the Legislature of Rhode Island in relation
to the Re-construction of the States recently in Rebellion.

CONNECTICUT.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Connecticut.
1st. Medallion Medal with the State Coat-of-Arms on the
one side, and on the other the Number of Soldiers furnished
for the War by Connecticut, with the Inscription, "In Honor
of Soldiers of Connecticut," who aided in the cause of Lib-
erty, 1861 to 1865.
2nd. The Complete Catalogue of the Volunteer Force of
Connecticut, their Organization and Casualties.
3rd. Proclamation of Governor Buckingham, issued in
April, 1864.
4th. Messages of Governor Buckingham since May, 1861.
5th. Legislative and State Government Statistics for six-
teen years, ending with 1865.

NEW YORK.

- Copy of the Constitution of the State of New York.
Copy of His Excellency R. E. Fenton's Message, 1865.
Copy of the Adjutant-General's Reports for 1864 and 1865.
Copy of Letters of General Meigs, Quartermaster-General, U. S. A.
Copy of Act to provide a Suitable Repository for the Records of the War.
Report of Bureau of Military Record, 1865.

NEW JERSEY.

- Copy of the Constitution of the State of New Jersey.
List of Names of the State Officers, Members of the Senate and Assembly.
Messages of the Governor of New Jersey, from 1861 to 1864, inclusive.
Register of the Commanding Officers of the New Jersey Volunteers, and
Report of the Adjutant-General, from 1861 to 1865, inclusive.
Report of the Quartermaster-General of New Jersey, from 1861 to 1864, inclusive.

PENNSYLVANIA.

- 1st. A Copy of the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania.
2nd. Inaugural Address of Governor Andrew G. Curtin, on the 15th of January, 1861.
3rd. Special Message of Governor Curtin to the Legislature, April 9th, 1861, recommending the establishment of a Military Bureau at the Capitol of the State, and asserting the fidelity of Pennsylvania to the Constitution and Union.
4th. Proclamation of Governor Curtin, issued April 20th, 1861, convening the Legislature in Extra Session.
5th. Message of Governor Curtin to the Legislature at Extra Session, on the 30th of April, 1861, recommending

inter alia, the immediate Organization of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps.

6th. Act of the Legislature, approved 15th May, 1861, "to create a Loan and to provide for arming the State," and authorizing the Organization of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps.

7th. Pamphlet, containing the Military Laws of Pennsylvania, passed at the Sessions of the Legislature of 1861.

8th. Message of Governor Curtin to the Legislature at regular Session, January 8th, 1862.

9th. Message of Governor Curtin to the Legislature at regular Session, January 7th, 1863.

10th. Proceedings of Commissioners appointed by the Governors of the different States, which have Soldiers buried in the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, at a Meeting held in Harrisburg, Pa., December 17th, 1863.

11th. Message of Governor Curtin to the Legislature at regular Session, January 7th, 1864.

12th. Pamphlet, containing Second Inaugural Address of Governor Curtin, January 19th, 1864, and Inaugural Ceremonies, as published by order of the Legislature.

13th. Report of Special Committee of the Legislature, March 31st, 1864, to whom was referred so much of the Governor's Annual Message, read January 7th, 1864, as relates to the Gettysburg Cemetery, together with Report of David Wills, Esq., of Gettysburg, Agent for A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania, made to said Committee, March 21st, 1864.

14th. Copy of an Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania to incorporate the Soldiers' National Cemetery, approved March 25th, 1864.

15th. Copy of an Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to incorporate the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association, approved May 4th, 1864.

16th. Proclamation of Governor Curtin, issued August 1st, 1864, convening the Legislature of Pennsylvania in Extra Session.

17th. Message of Governor Curtin to Legislature at Extra Session, August 9th, 1864.

18th. Message of Governor Curtin to Legislature at regular Session, January 4th, 1865.

19th. Complete File of General Orders, issued from Head Quarters Pennsylvania Militia, from 1861 to January 1865, inclusive.

20th. Reports of Adjutant-General, from 1861 to 1864, inclusive.

21st. Reports of Quartermaster-General, from 1861 to 1864, inclusive.

22nd. Reports of Commissary-General, from 1861 to 1864, inclusive.

23rd. Reports of Surgeon-General, from 1861 to 1864, inclusive.

24th. Specimen of Commission, in blank, with an Impression of the Great Seal of the State, issued by Governor Curtin to Officers in Service during the Rebellion.

The foregoing are contained in a Copper Box marked, "Pennsylvania."

DELAWARE.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Delaware.

Messages of Governor of Delaware, 1861 to 1864.

Adjutant-General's Reports, 1861 to 1864.

MARYLAND.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Maryland.

Messages of Governor of Maryland, 1861 to 1864.

Adjutant-General's Report from 1861 to 1864.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of West Virginia.

Acts of the Legislature of the State of West Virginia, since its formation to 1865.

Message of the Governor of West Virginia.

Reports of the Governor of West Virginia.

OHIO.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Ohio.

Copy of the Military Laws of Ohio.

Army Register of Ohio Volunteers in the Service of the United States.

Annual Report of the Surgeon-General of the State of Ohio.

Annual Report of the Quartermaster-General of Ohio.

Annual Report of the Adjutant-General of Ohio for 1865.

Annual Message of the Governor of Ohio to the Fifty-Sixth General Assembly, January, 1865.

Biographical Sketches of the Fifty-Sixth Senate and House of Representatives of Ohio.

INDIANA.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Indiana.

Messages of the Governor of Indiana, 1861 to 1864.

Adjutant-General's Reports from 1861 to 1864.

ILLINOIS.

Copy of the Constitution of the State of Illinois.

Messages of Governor of Illinois from 1861 to 1864.

Adjutant-General's Reports 1861 to 1864.

MICHIGAN.

Silver Medallion with State Coat-of-Arms on one side and on the other the number of Soldiers furnished by Michigan for the War (91,193) with this inscription, "In honor of the 91,193 Michigan Soldiers who aided in perpetuating American Liberty 1861—1865."

The names on parchment of the Michigan Officers and Soldiers killed at Gettysburg, prepared by Hon. Thomas W. Ferry, Commissioner for the State in the Board of Managers of the Gettysburg National Cemetery.

List on parchment of Michigan Regiments, Companies and Batteries sent to the field during the War.

Adjutant-General's Reports as far as published 1861, '62, and '63, full bound in leather, 2 vols.

Two commissions such as have been issued by this State for Commissioned Officers.

Michigan resolutions on the state of the Union, February 2d, 1861.

Proclamation of Governor Blair, April 16th, 1861. First call for troops.

Governor Blair's Message to Extra Session, May 1861.

An Act to provide a Military Force, approved May 10th, 1861.

Governor Blair's Message to Extra Session, January 2nd, 1862.

Governor Blair's Message to Regular Session, January 7th, 1863.

Governor Blair's Message to Extra Session, January 19th, 1864.

Governor Blair's Message to Regular Session, January 4th, 1865.

Governor Crapo's Message to Regular Session, January 4th, 1865.

Michigan resolutions on the state of the Union, March 18th, 1865.

Proclamation of Governor Crapo, June 14th, 1865. Welcoming the returning troops,—(above documents bound in one volume.)

"Legislative Manuel of Michigan," contents as follows: Calendar 1865-6-7. Constitution of the United States.

Constitution of the State of Michigan; Counties, Cities and Townships in Michigan, with Census of 1845-50-54-60 and 64.

Representative Districts of Michigan and the names of members of State Senate and House of Representatives for 1865.

Soldiers vote 1864.

State Officers and Deputies and State Military Officers, 1865.

-
- Judicial Circuits with names and residences of Judges.
Federal Officers of Michigan, 1865.
Governors of Michigan Territory, from 1805, to include 1835.
Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the State of Michigan, from 1835, to include 1865.
Speakers of the House of Representatives of the Legislature of Michigan from 1835, to include 1865.
United States Senators from Michigan, from 1836, to include 1865.
Representatives in Congress from Michigan, from 1836, to include 1865.
The above are all contained in a small Copper Box marked "State of Michigan, 1865," which is $9 \times 5 \times 4$ inches.

WISCONSIN.

- Copy of the Constitution of the State of Wisconsin.
Governor's Message and accompanying Documents, 1865.
Legislative Manual for 1865.
Copy of the Adjutant-General's Report of Wisconsin, 1864.

MINNESOTA.

- Copy of the Constitution of the State of Minnesota.
Copy of the Roll of Honor of Minnesota troops at the battle of Gettysburg.
Statement of troops furnished by the State of Minnesota during the present War.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Copies of Charter and Proceedings of the Board of Managers of the "Soldiers' National Cemetery," at Gettysburg, Pa.

Copy of Proceedings at the Consecration of the "Soldiers' National Cemetery," at Gettysburg, Pa.

A List of the Names of the Soldiers buried in the "Soldiers' National Cemetery."

Tabular List of Corps and Regimental Organizations of the Army of The Potomac in the Battle at Gettysburg.

Colonel Batchelder's Drawing of the Battle-field of Gettysburg.

Copy of the Constitution, of the different States of the Union not heretofore mentioned, contained in a book entitled "American Constitutions."

A large Silver Medal of President Lincoln, with appropriate inscriptions; presented by Col. John S. Warner, of the War of 1812.

Copy of Reports of the United States Christian Commission, accompanied with its Silver Badge.

Copy of the Report of the United States Sanitary Commission.

Copy of the Design of the Monument for the "Soldiers' National Cemetery," together with an Artistic Description.

Copy of Programme of Ceremonies of Laying the Corner-Stone, with a copy of the Masonic Ceremonies of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, A. Y. M., together with a full list of the Grand Officers who officiated in laying the Corner-Stone and a copy of Arrangements of Masonic Procession on said occasion.

Copy of Ahimon Rezon.

Proceedings of Grand Lodge and Masonic Register.

Copy of Music sung by the Union Musical Association of Baltimore, at the Ceremonies of Laying the Corner-Stone.

Manuscript List of Articles deposited in Corner-Stone.

This Ceremony was followed by a piece of Music played by one of the Military Bands.

ORATION.

As I stand here to-day before a peaceful audience, composed as it is of beautiful ladies, joyous children, and happy citizens, and think of my last visit to this place two years ago, and of the terrible scenes in which it was my lot to bear a part, I cannot help exclaiming, "How changed! how changed!"

It is the same rich landscape, broad and beautiful, covered with every variety of natural objects to please the eye.

The same wooded ridges and cultivated fields; the same neat little town clinging to the hill-side; the same broad avenues of approach; the same ravines and creeks—but, thank God! the awful magnificence of hosts arrayed against each other in deadly strife is wanting.

Yonder heights are no longer crowned with hostile cannon; the valleys do not reverberate with their fearful roar; the groves and the houses do not give back the indescribable peal of the musketry fire.

And oh! how like a dream to-day seems that sad spectacle of broken tombstones, prostrate fences,

and the ground strewn with our own wounded and dead companions!

Then follows, after battle, the mingling of friends and enemies, with suffering depicted in all possible modes of portraiture.

The surgeons, with resolute hearts and bloody hands; the pale faces of relatives searching for dear ones, the busy Sanitary and Christian workers — all pass before my mind in group after group.

My friends, my companions, my countrymen, suffer me to congratulate you anew to-day, this 4th day of July, 1865, that this sad work is completely done, and that sweet peace has really dawned upon us.

On the 19th of November, 1863, this National Cemetery, a pious tribute to manliness and virtue, was consecrated.

The Hon. Edward Everett delivered an address in his own rich, clear, elegant style, which, having been published, has long ago become historical, and affords us a complete and graphic account of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. I am deeply grateful to this noble patriot for his indefatigable industry in securing facts, and for the clear narrative he has left us of this battle, in which every living loyal soldier who fought here, is now proud to have borne a part.

He, joining the patriotic band of those that are honored by his eloquence, has gone to his reward;

and let his memory ever be mingled with those here, upon whose graves he so earnestly invoked your benediction.

Mr. Everett was followed by the few remarkable words of President Lincoln.

While Mr. Lincoln's name is so near and dear to us, and the memory of his work and sacrifice so fresh, I deem it not inappropriate to repeat his own words :

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

"We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The civil war is ended; the test was complete. He, Abraham Lincoln, never forgot his own dedication till the work was finished.

He did display even increased devotion if it were possible.

The dead did not die in vain, and the nation has experienced already the new birth of freedom of which he spoke.

Oh that in the last throes of darkness and crime God had seen it good to have spared us that great heart, out of which proceeded such welcome words of truth and encouragement!

How very much of grateful recollection clusters around the name of Abraham Lincoln as we pronounce it here among the dead who have died that our nation might not perish from the earth!

These grounds have already been consecrated, and

are doubly sacred from the memory of our brethren who lie here, and from the association with those remarkable men, Mr. Everett and Mr. Lincoln, who gave tone to the exercises of consecration two years ago, whose own bodies are now resting beneath the sod, but whose spirit is still living, and unmistakably animating every true American heart this day.

We have now been called to lay the corner-stone of a monument.

This monument is not a mere family *record*, not the simple *memorial* of individual fame, nor the silent tribute to genius.

It is raised to the soldier. It is a memorial of his life and his noble death.

It embraces a patriotic brotherhood of heroes in its inscriptions, and is an unceasing herald of labor, suffering, union, liberty, and sacrifice.

Let us then, as is proper on such an occasion as this, give a few thoughts to the American soldier.

We have now embraced under this generic name of soldier, the dutiful officer, the volunteer soldier, the regular, the colored, and the conscript; but in my remarks I will present you the *private volunteer* as the representative American soldier.

In the early part of 1861, the true citizen heard that traitors at Washington had formed a conspiracy to overthrow the Government, and soon after, that the stars and stripes had been fired upon and had been hauled down at the bidding of an armed ene-

my in South Carolina; that the Capitol of the nation was threatened, and that our new President had called for help.

How quickly the citizen answered the call!

Almost like magic he sprang forth a soldier.

His farm or his bench, his desk or his counter, was left behind, and you find him marching through the then gloomy, flagless, defiant streets of Baltimore, fully equipped for service, with uniform gray, blue, red, or green—it then mattered not; with knapsack, cartridge-box, musket and bayonet, his outfit was all that was required.

He was a little awkward, his accoutrements much awry, his will unsubdued.

He did not keep step to music, nor always lock step with his companions. He had scarcely ever fired a musket, but he had become a soldier, put on the soldier's garb, set his face towards the enemy, and, God willing, he purposed never to turn back till the soldier's work was done.

You meet him at Washington (on Meridian Hill perhaps); discipline and drill seize upon him, restrain his liberty, and mould his body. Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants, and Sergeants, his former equals, order him about, and he must obey them. Oh what days! and oh what nights! Where is home and affection? Where is the soft bed and the loaded table? Change of climate, change of food, want of rest, want of all kinds of old things, and an

influx of all sorts of new things, make him sick — yes, really sick in body and soul.

But, in spite of a few doses of quinine and a wholesome hospital bed and diet, (as the soldier of '61 remembers them,) his vigorous constitution and indomitable heart prevail, so that he is soon able to cross the Long Bridge and invade the sacred red clay of Virginia, with his companions in arms. Yet, perhaps, should you now observe him very closely, you will perceive his enthusiasm increasing faster even than his strength.

He is on the enemy's side of the river; now for strict guard duty; now for the lonely picket amid the thickets, where men are killed by ambushed foes.

How the eye and the ear, and, may I say it, the heart, are quickened in these new and trying vigils.

Before long, however, the soldier is inured to these things; he becomes familiar with every stump, tree, and pathway of approach, and his trusty gun, and stouter heart, defy any secret foe.

Presently you find him on the road to battle; the hot weather of July, the usual load, the superadded twenty extra rounds of cartridges, and three days rations strung to his neck, and the long weary march, quite exhaust his strength during the very first day. He aches to leave the ranks and rest, but no! no! He did not leave home for the ignominious name of "straggler" and "skulker." Cost what it may, he toils on.

The Acotink, the Cub Run, the never-to-be-forgotten Bull Run, are passed. Here, of a sudden, strange and terrible sounds strike upon his ear, and bear down upon his heart; the booming of shotted cannon; the screeching of bursted shell through the heated air, and the zip, zip, zip, of smaller balls; everything produces a singular effect upon him. Again, all at once he is thrown, quite unprepared, upon a new and trying experience; for now he meets the groaning ambulance and the bloody stretcher. He meets limping, armless, legless, disfigured, wounded men. To the right of him and to the left of him are the lifeless forms of the slain.

Suddenly a large iron missile of death strikes close beside him, and explodes, sending out twenty or more jagged fragments, which remorselessly maim or kill five or six of his mates before they have had the opportunity to strike one blow for their country.

His face is now very pale; and will not the American soldier flinch and turn back?

There is a stone wall; there is a building; there is a stack of hay; it is so easy to hide.

But no! He will not be a coward! "Oh God, support and strengthen me!" 'Tis all his prayer.

Soon he is at work. Yonder is the foe. "Load and fire;" "load and fire."

But the cry comes, "Our flank is turned!" "Our men retreat!" With tears pouring down his cheek,

he slowly yields, and joins the retiring throng. Without any more nerve and little strength, he struggles back from a lost field.

Now he drinks the dregs of suffering. Without blanket for the night, without food, without hope, it is no wonder that a panic seizes him, and he runs demoralized away.

This disreputable course, however, is only temporary. The soldier before long forgets his defeat and his sufferings, brightens up his armor, and resumes his place on the defensive line.

He submits for weary days to discipline, drill, and hard fare; he wades through the snows of winter and the deep mud of a Virginia spring.

He sleeps upon the ground, upon the deck of transport steamer, and upon the floor of the platform car. He helps load and unload stores; he makes fascines and gabions; he corduroys quick-sands, and bridges creeks and bogs. Night and day he digs, or watches in the trenches.

What a world of new experience! What peculiar labor and suffering he passes through, the soldier alone can tell you.

He now marches hurriedly to his second battle; soon after he is in a series of them. Fight and fall back! Fight and fall back! Oh those days of hopelessness, sorrow, toil, and emaciation. How vividly the living soldier remembers them, those days when he cried from the bottom of his heart, "Oh, God, how long! how long!"

Would you have patience to follow him through the commingling of disasters from the battle of Cedar Mountain to the same old Bull Run, you would emerge with him from the chaos and behold his glistening bayonet again on the successful field of Antietam, where a glimmer of hope lighted up his heart.

Would you go with him to the bloody fields of Fredericksburg, staunch his wounds in the wilderness of Chancellorsville, and journey on with him afterwards to this hallowed ground of Gettysburg, and could you be enabled to read and record his toils, his sufferings, and all his thoughts, you might be able to appreciate the true American soldier. You might then recite the first chapter of the cost of the preservation of the American Union. In September, 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, the Government sends two army corps to reinforce our brethren in the West.

The soldier is already far from home and friends, but he is suddenly apprised that he must go two thousand miles further. He cannot visit his family to take leave of them. He has scarcely the opportunity of writing a line of farewell.

The chances of death are multitudinous as they appear before his imagination, and the hope of returning is very slender.

Yet again the soldier does not falter. With forty others he crowds into the close, unventilated freight

car, and speeds away, night and day, without even the luxury of a decent seat.

With all the peculiar discomforts of this journey, the backings and the waitings at the railroad junctions, the transfers from car to car, and from train to train; being confined for days without the solace and strength derived from his coffee, there is yet something compensative in the exhilarating influence of change. And there is added to it, in passing through Ohio and Indiana, a renewed inspiration as the people turn out in masses to welcome him and to bid him God-speed; as little girls throw wreaths of flowers round his neck, kiss his bronzed cheek, and strew his car with other offerings of love and devotion.

Such impressions as were here received were never effaced. They touched the rough heart anew with tenderness, and, being a reminder of all the old home affections, only served to deepen his resolution sooner or later, by the blessing of God, to reach the goal of his ambition; that is to say, with his compatriots, to secure to his children, and to other children, *enduring peace*, with liberty and an undivided country.

He passes on through Kentucky, through the battle-fields of Tennessee, already historical.

The names, Nashville, Stone River, Murfreesboro, and Tullahoma, reminded him of past struggles and portended future conflicts.

He is deposited at Bridgeport, Alabama, a house-

less, cheerless, chilly place, on the banks of the Tennessee; possessing no interest further than that furnished by the railroad bridge destroyed, and the yet remaining rubbish and filth of an enemy's camp.

Before many days the soldier threads his way up the valley of the great river which winds and twists amid the rugged mountains, till he finds himself beneath the rock-crowned steeps of Lookout.

Flash after flash, volume after volume of light-colored smoke, and peal on peal of cannon, the crashing sound of shot and the screaming of shell, are the ominous signs of unfriendly welcome sent forth to meet him from this rocky height.

Yet on he marches, in spite of threatening danger, in spite of the ambush along his route, until he has joined hands with his Western brother, who had come from Chattanooga to meet and to greet him.

This is where the valley of Lookout joins that of the Tennessee.

At this place the stories of Eastern and Western hardship, suffering, battling, and danger, are recapitulated and made to blend into the common history and the common sacrifice of the American soldier.

Were there time, I would gladly take you, step by step, with the soldier, as he bridges and crosses the broad and rapid river; as he ascends and storms the height of Mission Ridge; or as he plants his victorious feet, waves his banner, and flashes his gun on the top of Lookout Mountain.

I would carry you with him across the death-bearing streams of Chickamauga. I would have you follow him in his weary, barefooted, wintry march to the relief of Knoxville and back to Chattanooga.

From this point of view I would open up the spring campaign, where the great General initiated his remarkable work of genius and daring.

I could point you to the soldier pursuing his enemy into the strongholds of Dalton, behind the stern, impassable features of Rocky Face.

Resaca, Adairsville, Cassville, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Pine Top, Lost Mountain, Kenesaw, Culp's Farm, Smyrna, Camp Ground, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, from so many points of view, and Jonesboro, are names of battle-fields upon each of which a soldier's memory dwells.

For upwards of a hundred days he scarcely rested from the conflict.

He skirmished over rocks, hills and mountains; through mud, streams and forests.

For hundreds of miles he gave his aid to dig that endless chain of entrenchments which compassed every one of the enemy's fortified positions. He accompanied with those who combatted the obstinate foe on the front and on the flanks of those mountain fastnesses which the enemy had deemed impregnable, and he had a right at last to echo the sentiment of his indefatigable leader, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

Could you now have patience to turn back with him and fight these battles over again, behold his communications cut, his railroad destroyed for miles and miles; enter the bloody fight of Alatoona, follow him through the forced marches, *via* Rome, Ga., away back to Resaca, and through the obstructed gaps of the mountains into Alabama, you would thank God for giving him a stout heart and an unflinching faith in a just and noble cause.

Weary and worn, he reposed at Atlanta, on his return, but one single night, when he commenced the memorable march toward Savannah.

The soldier has become a veteran; he can march all day with his musket, his knapsack, his cartridge-box, his haversack and canteen upon his person; his muscles have become large and rigid, so that what was once extremely difficult he now accomplishes with graceful ease.

This fact must be borne in mind when studying the soldiers' marches through Georgia and the Carolinas.

The enemy burned every bridge across stream after stream; the rivers, bordered with swamps—for example, the Ocmulgee, the Oconee, and the Ogeechee—were defended at every crossing. That they were passed at all by our forces, is due to the cheerful, fearless, indomitable private soldier.

Oh that you had seen him, as I have done, wading creeks a half mile in width, and water waist deep,

under fire, pressing on through wide swamps, without one faltering step, charging in line upon the most formidable works, which were well defended! You could then appreciate him and what he has accomplished as I do. You could then feel the poignant sorrow that I always did feel when I saw him fall bleeding to the earth.

I must now leave the soldier to tell his own tale amongst the people, of his bold, bloody work at McAllister, against the torpedoes, abattis, artillery, and musketry; of his privations at Savannah; of his struggles through the swamps, quicksands, and over the broad rivers of the Carolinas; of the fights, fires, explosions, doubts, and triumphs suggested by Griswoldville, Rivers' and Binnaker's bridges, Orangeburg, Congaree creek, Columbia, Cheraw, Fayetteville, Averysboro, and Bentonville.

I will leave him to tell how his hopes brightened at the reunion at Goldsboro. How his heart throbbed with gratitude and joy as the wires confirmed the rumored news of Lee's defeat, so soon to be followed by the capture of the enemy's Capitol and of his entire army. I will leave him to tell to yourselves and your children, how he felt and acted; how proud was his bearing; how elastic his step, as he marched in review before the President of the United States at Washington! I would do the soldier injustice not to say that there was one thing wanting to make his satisfaction complete, and that was the

sight of the tall form of Abraham Lincoln, and the absence of that bitter recollection which he could not altogether exclude from his heart—that he had died by the hand of a traitor assassin.

I have given you only glimpses of the American soldier, as I have seen him. To feel the full force of what he has done and suffered, you should have accompanied him for the last four years. You should have stood upon the battle-fields during, and after, the struggle; and you should have completed your observation in the army hospitals, and upon the countless grounds peopled with the dead. The maimed bodies, the multitude of graves, the historic fields, the monumental stones like this we are laying to-day, after all are only meagre memorials of the soldiers' work.

God grant that what he planted, nourished, and has now preserved by his blood—I mean *American liberty*—may be a plant dear to us as the apple of the eye, and that its growth may not be hindered till its roots are firmly set in every State of this Union, and till the full fruition of its blessed fruit is realized by men of every name, color and description, in this broad land.

Now, as I raise my eyes and behold the place where my friend and trusted commander, General Reynolds, fell, let me add my own testimonial, to that of others, that we lost in him a true patriot, a true man, a complete General, and a thorough soldier.

Upon him, and the others who died here for their country, let there never cease to descend the most earnest benediction of every American heart.

Let me congratulate this noble Keystone State that it was able to furnish such tried and able men as Reynolds who fell, and Meade who lived to guide us successfully through this wonderful and hotly contested battle.

In the midst of all conflicts, of all sorrows and triumphs, let us never, for an instant, forget that there is a God in Heaven whose arm is strong to help—whose balm is sweet to assuage every pain—and whose love embraces all joy.

To Him, then, let us look in gratitude and praise that it has been His will so greatly to bless our nation; and may this Monument ever remind us and our posterity, in view of the fact that we prevailed against our enemies, "that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

One of the Military Bands then played a piece of music, which was followed by the reading of the following original POEM, by the author :

—♦—
P O E M ,

BY CHAS. G. HALPIN, ("Miles O'Reilly.")

As men beneath some pang of grief
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,
Finding no words to give relief—
Clear, passion-warm, complete, and brief—
To thoughts with which their souls expand ;
So here to-day—these trophies nigh—
Our trembling lips no utterance reach ;
The hills around, the graves, the sky—
The silent poem of the eye
Surpasses all the art of speech !

To-day, a Nation meets to build
A Nation's trophy to the dead
Who, living, formed the sword and shield—
The arms she saily learned to wield
When other hope of peace had fled.
And not alone for those who lie
In honored graves before us blest,
Shall our proud column, broad and high,
Climb upward to the blessing sky,
But be for all a monument.

An emblem of our grief, as well
 For others as for these, we raise ;
 For these beneath our feet who dwell,
 And all who in the Good Cause fell
 On other fields, in other frays.
 To all the self-same love we bear
 Which here for marbled memory strives ;
 No soldier for a wreath would care
 Which all true comrades might not share—
 Brothers in death as in their lives !

On Southern hill-sides, parched and brown,
 In tangled swamp, on verdant ridge,
 Where pines and broadening oaks look down,
 And jasmine weaves its yellow crown,
 And trumpet-creepers clothe the hedge ;
 Along the shores of endless sand,
 Beneath the palms of Southern plains,
 Sleep everywhere, hand locked in hand,
 The brothers of the gallant band
 Who here pour'd life through throbbing veins,

Around the closing eyes of all
 The same red glories glared and flew—
 The hurrying flags, the bugle-call,
 The whistle of the angry ball,
 The elbow-touch of comrades true !
 The skirmish-fire—a spattering spray ;
 The long, sharp growl of fire by file,
 The thickening fury of the fray
 When opening batteries get in play,
 And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,
 Red flashes through the gathering smoke,
 Swift orders, resonant and clear,
 Blithe cries from comrades tried and dear,
 The shell-scream and the sabre-stroke ;
 The rolling fire from left to right,
 From right to left, we hear it swell ;
 The headlong charges, swift and bright,
 The thickening tumult of the fight
 And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now, deadlier, denser grows the strife,
And here we yield, and there we gain ;
The air with hurtling missiles rise.
Volley for volley, life for life—
No time to heed the cries of pain !
Panting as up the hills we charge,
Or down them as we broken roll,
Life never felt so high, so large,
And never o'er so wide a marge
In triumph swept the kindling soul !

New raptures waken in the breast
Amid this hell of scene and sound ;
The barking batteries never rest,
And broken foot, by horsemen pressed,
Still stubbornly contest their ground.
Fresh waves of battle rolling in
To take the place of shattered waves ;
Torn lines that grow more bent and thin—
A blinding cloud, a maddening din—
'Twas thus were filled these very graves !

Night falls at length with pitying veil—
A moonlit silence deep and fresh ;
Thése upturned faces, stained and pale,
Vainly the chill night dews assail—
For colder than the dews their flesh !
And flickering far through brush and wood
Go searching-parties, torch in hand—
“Seize it you can some rest and food,
At dawu the fight will be renewed,
Sleep on your arms !” the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie
In line—these rough and weary men ;
“Dead or but wounded ?” then a sigh ;
“No coffee either !” “Guess we'll try
To get those two guns back again.”
“We five flags to their one ! oh !”
“That bridge—'twas hot there as we passed !”
“The colonel dead ! It can't be so ;
Wounded and badly—that I know ;
But he kept saddle to the last.”

"Be sure to send it if I fall—"
 "Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"
"A brown-haired, blue-eyed, laughing doll—"
 "Good-night, boys, and God keep you all!"
 "What! sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."
"Yes, just about this hour they pray
 For Dad." "Stop talking! pass the word!"
And soon as quiet as the clay
Which thousands will but be next day
 The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

Oh, men! to whom this sketch, though rude,
 Calls back some scene of pain and pride:
Oh, widow! hugging close your brood,
 Oh, wife! with happiness renewed,
 Since he again is at your side;
This trophy that to-day we raise
 Should be a monument for all;
And on its sides no niggard phrase
 Confine a generous Nation's praise
 To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine
 Still other monuments to raise;
Here for the Dead we build a shrine;
 And now to those who, crippled, pine,
 Let us give hope of happier days:
Let Homes for these sad wrecks of war
 Through all the land with speed arise;
Tongues cry from every gaping scar,
 "Let not our brother's tomb debar
 The wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,
 A noble scene in which 'tis done,
The Birthday of our Nationhood:
 And here again the Nation stood
 On this same day—its life rewon!
A bloom of banners in the air,
 A double calm of sky and soul;
Triumphal chant and bugle blare,
 And green fields, spreading bright and fair,
 While heavenward our Hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;
Passed, as some horror we have dreamed,
The fiery meteors that here streamed,
Threatening within our homes to come!
Again our banner floats abroad,
Gone the one stain that on it fell—
And, bettered by His chastening rod,
With streaming eyes uplift to God
We say, "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL!"

The following Hymn was then sung to the memory of our fallen heroes at the Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, by the National Union Musical Association of Baltimore :

Hark! a nation's sighs ascend!
Hark! a thousand voices blend,
From your thrones of glory bend,
Sons of Liberty!

From each dark empurpled field,
Where your blood the Union sealed,
Spirit-tongues to-day have peal'd,,
The Soldier's Requiem!

Where the smoke of battle curl'd,
Where the bolt of death was hurl'd,
Ye our starry flag unfurl'd,
Floating o'er the free!

In the dark and trying hour,
Putting forth your steady power,
Caused the Rebel hordes to cower,
Just two years ago!

Flashing sword and burning word,
Southrons felt and Southrons heard—
Plum'd our country's banner-bird,
Just two years ago!

Martyr'd sons of trying days,
While the world resounds your praise,
Hear the songs your children raise,
Sons of Liberty!

SPEECH
OF
A. G. CURTIN,
GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The programme for the exercises of the occasion having been fulfilled, calls were made by all the people present for Governor CURTIN, who spoke in substance as follows:

Having learned last week that my name occurred on the programme, for the ceremonies of this occasion, I immediately asked that it should be omitted. There did not seem to be time for such preparation, as would be proper for a ceremonial like this. I am deeply grateful for your hearty and enthusiastic request that I should be heard, and I will draw upon the inspirations of the time and the place, the connexion between the event and this Sabbath day of American Freedom, and the hallowed precincts within which we all stand.

It would seem to be proper for me to express the thanks of the People of Pennsylvania to the citizens of the United States, who join with us to-day, and who have hitherto contributed their influence and means to the erection of this place of sepulture, for the remains of those who perished in the great battles of Gettysburg, and who, this day, surround the foundation stone of a monument to their memory. We thank the citizens of the eighteen States, who have given valuable and voluntary service, as Trustees of the Association, representing their respective States. We thank the people, who have come up here in multitudes to participate in these

solemnities. We thank that patriotic and benevolent brotherhood, so well represented here to-day by its chiefs, for their ancient rites and ceremonies, for their words of fraternity and love, contributed and pronounced upon the corner-stone of this structure, which is to be the monument of the devotion and fidelity to country of their brothers and ours. And we are fortunate in having here with us, my fellow-citizens, the great chief who commanded the historic Army of the Potomac, on the signal day which made his fame and that of his Army, forever illustrious in the annals of American history; and we express with one voice our thanks to him and his brave companions, so many of whom remain to surround him here, and honor us with their presence. But more than all, my fellow-citizens, let us all unite in our expressions of gratitude to the sublime heroism and unselfish patriotism of the private soldiers of the Republic; for to them, above all others, we owe the safety of our Free Government, and the return of the blessings of peace and tranquility to our distressed country. I could not but feel the unselfishness of the words of the chosen Orator of the day; and the armless sleeve of the maimed General, seemed of itself eloquent, when he forgot the statesmen and generals of the war, and gave credit to the private soldier for all the glories, which now surround the blood-stained, but forever stable, Institutions of American liberty.

Our monument should be the choicest work of art on this Continent; it should be made beautiful and strong; this place will forever be attractive; the statesman can here meditate on the sacrifices made for liberty and civilization; the soldier can study the faultless plan of battle, and all can count here, the cost to this generation of maintaining the principles of Freedom, transmitted to us from our ancestors; but no work of art can express our feelings of gratitude for the Soldier of the Republic, living or dead; he has his memory enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people, "there a monument that needs no scroll."

But why should I speak to you to day? It is but two





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 425 261 3

